

## CHARIVARIA.

THE Italians declare the recent official reports of Turkish successes to be false. At the same time we cannot help thinking that it would be good policy on the part of Italy, as tending to promote better feeling between the combatants, to allow Turkey a victory now and then.

COUNT BATTHYANY, the Austro-Hungarian nobleman whose palace was destroyed by fire last week, risked his life in saving VANDYKE's "Portrait of an Englishman"—to the great annoyance of the pan-German press.

PRESIDENT TAFT has signed a proclamation admitting New Mexico as the forty-seventh State of the Union. To think that Canada, had she not been so blind, might have had the honour!

THE office of the Criminal Identification Bureau at Ottawa has records, finger-prints, and photographs of no fewer than 5,500 murderers and thieves. For a young country this is really splendid.

AT the mass meeting of the Thames Ironworks employes, held to consider the proposal to work 53 hours a week, as a condition of the continuance of the ship-building trade on the Thames, the men were urged by Mr. HUSBANDS to scout the idea. The wives and children were not heard.

ACCORDING to *The Pall Mall Gazette* Sir EDWARD CARSON is to give up the Bar for the Home Rule fight. This would seem to confirm the rumour that in his future actions he intends to disregard the Law.

KING HAARON of Norway, we are told, is about to be made a general in the British Army. We are glad to gather that the authorities are at last awake to our dangerous shortage of officers.

ACCORDING to "H.W.M.," who writes in *The Nation*, Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's career "hangs in the air." A nasty cynic now writes to say that he would

like to see Mr. GEORGE following the example of his career.

THE recent honour bestowed on Mr. BEECHAM has caused a certain amount of surprise in some quarters, where it is evidently forgotten that the new Knight is one of the leading pillars of the State.

A new issue of our penny stamps has just been made. The KING has changed colour slightly—the result, no doubt, of his seeing the first issue. And the lion below the head has been fattened up—on the suggestion, we understand, of the Society for

realises that it would be unreasonable to invite them to join the Territorials until they have a vote.

"Australia is the home of barrack-ing," sneered the Britisher. "Yes," said the dense Antipodean, "ours is the first portion of the British Empire to go in for Universal Service."

A Hungarian lady has bequeathed a sum of £10,000 to her pet dog. One can almost hear the solicitor saying to the legatee, "How will you take it, Sir—in notes, or bones?"

THE latest fashion in neck-ties, we are told, is "the finger-print pattern." We have noticed seedy individuals wearing dark white dress ties which seem to answer admirably to the description.

MESSRS. SEELEY, SERVICE & Co. announce "My Adventures among South Sea Cannibals," by DOUGLAS RANNIE. Does the author, we wonder, boast of an inside knowledge of his subject?

## "The Lowest Depths."

IN an interview with *The Daily Mail* on the subject of the absorption of *Black and White* by *The Sphere*, Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, the editor of this combination, is represented as having made the following pronouncement about his new client-

ele:—"According to 'The Spectator,'" he says, "there are people in the British Isles who have never heard either of Nelson or of Wellington. It is these people we intend to get hold of." We ourselves should never have dared to assign so low a standard to the prospective patrons of Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER.

Our aviators are hard at work. One of them, Mr. F. B. Fowler, had an exciting experience. . . . Within ten minutes of his starting he was hurled into the tea."—*Daily Graphic*.

He has the sympathy of every earwig who has ever fallen into the soup.

"'Edipus' is not frigid classic tragedy. On the contrary, it is, in the forcible, direct phraseology of America, 'a very human story.'"—*Evening Standard*.

"Ha!"—to use the terse diction of Montreal.



THE WRONG MR. BROWN.

Breezy Voice from Somewhere. "HELLO, THAT YOU, BROWN? JUST TO REMIND YOU THAT WE'RE DEPENDING ON YOU TO PLAY SCRUM HALF IN THE MATCH TO-DAY AGAINST A VERY HOT LOT. BYE-BYE!"

Promoting Kindness to Animals. This new issue is said to be going off well.

We understand that the telegraphic address of the Olympia nun during her temporary lapse from sanctity was "Olim pia."

According to an American gentleman WAGNER music is good for the liver. It can certainly be of no use to the dead.

There is one radical difference between our Governments and those of France. Ours sometimes last too long.

Some surprise is expressed at Lord HALDANE's being in favour of granting the suffrage to women. No doubt our War Minister has been impressed by their valuable fighting qualities, and

### TO THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS.

Good Year, you have indeed your work cut out!

I cannot (at the moment) call to mind  
A programme more exhausting; nay, I doubt  
If any previous brace of years combined  
Have had their sense of duty  
Confronted by a task so strangely fruity.

There is the coal strike. As I understand,  
Our miners claim an equal minim wage  
Both for the honest and the idle hand,  
And, by the bonds of brotherhood, engage  
To starve their fellow-toilers  
By cutting off the wherewithal of boilers.

Our cellars will be bare, our railways cease,  
No gas will issue when we turn the tap.  
The Teutons, when they note, in time of peace,  
Our *Dreadnoughts* made equivalent to scrap,  
Will come, with none to fight 'em,  
And spoil our golf-links. That is one small item.

Should we survive it, there are plenty more:  
There is the Act of Union to be broke;  
There's Ulster pleading for a taste of gore,  
And Taffy's finger in his Church's poke;  
And Manhood Suffrage showing  
His hydra-head. These ought to keep you going.

And there's the Women's Vote: on rival planks  
Tub-thumping Ministers will disagree;  
And doctors, closing up their learned ranks,  
Refuse to operate for housemaid's knee—  
(LLOYD GEORGE'S little measure  
Alone should occupy your autumn leisure).

In other lands you'll find the same unrest.  
Where'er the heathen tries to mend his ways,  
Down swoops the Christian on his vulture quest;  
Or, should Reform be checked by long delays  
(As with the casual Persian),  
Two Christian cultures join in this diversion.

The sombre East is out to sack and slay;  
Along the Libyan shore there lies the Turk,  
"Butchered to make a Roman holiday,"  
And still Bellona asks for more red work;  
Still half the world indulges  
In more, and bigger, armament bulges.

Then there is France, the gay and volatile,  
Swapping her Cabinets in middle stream;  
And Germany, that watches all the while,  
Doping with jingo drugs her restive team;  
And every sort of trouble  
Waiting to burst inside the Balkan bubble.

Thus, if you've followed my remarks, you'll know  
The gods would have you play a heavy part.  
But take your time: don't you be pressed: go slow,  
With smiling face to hide a serious heart;  
Good! pull yourself together,  
And you'll get through with luck—and decent weather.

O. S.

"About the other favourite Christmas hymn, 'Hark, the herald angels sing,' originally written, 'Hark, how all the author, John Byrom, who lived in 1745, had a favourite daughter, Dolly, for whom he had promised to write something for Christmas Day.' . . .  
*Glasgow Evening Citizen.*

Et-cetera, et-cetera—the early version is too long for quotation in full. The revised edition was undoubtedly superior.

### MY IDEAL "UEBER-THEATER."

I HAVE rather advanced views about the Stage. I hold, with Mr. GORDON CRAIG, that the old "realistic" ideals of production have quite broken up, and that "the suggestion of environment" is all that is really necessary. Also that all our dramatists "must go," since "the written play has no lasting value for the art of the theatre"; and all our actors and actresses, because "the actor must always bring a certain amount of his personal emotion to 'spoil' true art." I am perfectly prepared to scrap both authors and actors. I believe the Drama would get on a lot better without them.

But I go a great deal farther than Mr. GORDON CRAIG. If I rightly understand him, his proposal is to replace living actors by inanimate figures—"Ueber-Marionettes," he calls them—which are to perform on a stage set with simple but artistically-lighted scenery. I don't gather whether they are to say or do anything in particular, but that, I presume, would depend on the chance inspiration of the artists who work the wires up in the flies, or the person who will act as mouthpiece on the prompt side, and speak in at least two distinct voices. Obviously there can be no written plot and dialogue, or we shall have these pestilent playwright fellows coming in again—which would never do.

Now my feeling is that, in the true interests of the Stage, even sterner simpler methods are required. After all, are not any artificial aids an insult to the intelligence of a highly cultivated Super-audience?

Why have Marionettes? Why have any scenery, lighting, or stage? Why not leave everything to the unassisted imaginations of the audience? In the "Ueber-Theater" I have in my mind every spectator will be left absolutely free to evolve his or her own characters, surroundings, plot, dialogue and incidents, in rapt and reverent silence.

I shall need no stage—nothing but an enlarged cinematograph screen, and a second-hand magic-lantern capable of projecting a sentence or two upon it from time to time. I shall not require an orchestra, or even a piano. As soon as the audience are all seated I should switch off the lights in front, and begin by throwing on the screen the simple words: "Title of the Play."

This each playgoer would be given a minute to invent for himself—and it will be strange indeed if everyone of them does not hit upon something far happier than would ever occur to the jaded and mechanical professional dramatists of the present day.

I should then exhibit, "Act I. Scene ????" allowing the audience two minutes to visualise any environment they may individually prefer. It might be anything—"A Luxuriously Furnished Interior," "A Romantic Glade by Moonlight," or "The Summit of a Himalayan Peak." The spectator could imagine a stage set to his or her liking, and the result would necessarily surpass all the efforts of the most realistic or idealistic producer.

When the two minutes were up I should bring on my *Dramatis Personæ*: A line or two on the screen would do it: "A (a superlatively lovely woman) meets B (a magnificently handsome man): . . ." Here I should give the spectators one minute, in which each could picture his or her ideal type. After which I should go on, "They instantly fall in love and express their mutual passion." (Five minutes for this, during which the audience would sit and imagine the conversation, which would, of course, be characterised by a fervour and brilliancy beyond the power of any of our puny contemporary playwrights.) When they had finished that I should proceed: "Enter C (a man of singular fascination, but saturnine temperament)"—(half a minute for him and then)—"It is evident—except to B—that



F. A. TOWNSEND 1912

## THE RETURN OF THE SCAPEGOAT.

(A brief episode of January 10.)







*Chatty Individual (standing refreshment to casual acquaintance). "I DESSAY YOU'VE HAD A PRETTY HARD LIFE—MOSTLY ON THE BOARDS, I SUPPOSE!"*  
*Tragedian. "HARDER THAN THAT, SIR—MOSTLY ON THE ROCKS!"*

A and C are no strangers, but have shared a past that either may or may not be described as lurid." (*Another minute for the playgoer to create this past according to his or her taste and fancy, and on I should go again*): "A conversation ensues in which every sentence is charged with hidden irony and the suggestion of coming complications." (With a quarter of an hour to think it out *any average* "Ueber-audience" ought to work this up, mentally, to a really magnificent climax, bringing us to the end of Act I. Total time occupied, 25½ minutes. Act II, though it contains some effective scenes, I will skip and proceed to)—"Act III. Scene (*optional, as before*). Matters approach a climax. B meets C and demands an explanation of circumstances which have tortured him with agonising doubts. C refuses to give it." (*I should allow at least ten minutes for this interview*.) "At length C, brought to bay, furnishes an explanation. B, however, is unable to accept it as satisfactory"—(*four more minutes*). "A enters unexpectedly, and B makes a passionate appeal to her to put an end to his suspense. Torn by a conflict of emotions, she remains mute. C intervenes, and there follows an intensely dramatic scene between the trio." (*This I should feel safe in leaving to the audience for a quarter of an hour, after which*)—"Finale: A, at the end of her endurance, takes the decisive step that provides the only artistic solution of a perplexing social problem." Whereupon every Ueber-playgoer would finish the play happily

or unhappily, as he or she pleased, and applaud vociferously, each of them being able to appear and acknowledge the unanimous call for the Author, and all departing satisfied and delighted with their evening's entertainment. For we should have no more failures. There can scarcely be a doubt that a Theatre founded on *my* system would revolutionise the British Drama by transforming the entire playgoing populace into unpaid and unwritten dramatists who would be all the more famous and successful as their works would remain unknown to all but themselves.

Will no true lover of the Drama come forward and help me to work out these ideals? Perhaps Mr. GORDON CRAIG—but could he bring himself to sacrifice his beloved "Ueber-Marionettes" for the sake of the Cause? . . . I wonder.  
 F. A.

"Fourteen thousand millions of the Mark 7 ball cartridge have just been issued to the infantry of the Aldershot command."

*Daily Chronicle.*

This gives them about 700,000 cartridges apiece. "Ready, aye ready," is England's watchword.

"Six hundred women were executed for witchcraft in France in 1609."

*South London Observer.*

This appears in a column headed "Tea Table Talk," and is always our first chatty remark to our hostess as she hands us a cup of tea.

## ANOTHER MILESTONE.

"You're very thoughtful," said Miss Middleton. "What's the matter?"

"I am extremely unhappy," I confessed.

"Oh, but think of FOSTER and HOBBS and HEARNE."

I thought of FOSTER; I let my mind dwell upon HOBBS. It was no good.

"I am still rather sad," I said.

"Why? Doesn't anybody love you?"

"Millions adore me fiercely. It isn't that at all. The fact is I've just had a birthday."

"Oh, I am sorry. Many happy——"

"Thank you."

"I thought it was to-morrow," Miss Middleton went on eagerly. "And I'd bought a cricketing set for you, but I had to send it back to have the bails sawn in two. Or would you rather have had a bicycle?"

"I'd rather have had nothing. I want to forget about my birthday altogether."

"Oh, are you as old as that?"

"Yes," I said sadly, "I am as old as that. I have passed another landmark. I'm what they call getting on."

We gazed into the fire in silence for some minutes.

"If it's any comfort to you," said Miss Middleton timidly, "to know that you don't look any older than you did last week——"

"I'm not sure that I feel any older."

"Then except for birthdays how do you know you are older?"

I looked at her and saw that I could trust her.

"May I confess to you?" I asked.

"But of course!" she cried eagerly.

"I love confessions." She settled herself comfortably in her chair. "Make it as horrible as you can," she begged.

I picked a coal out of the fire with the tongs and lit my cigarette.

"I know that I'm getting old," I said, "I know that my innocent youth is leaving me, because of the strange and terrible things which I find myself doing."

"Oo-o-o-oh," said Miss Middleton happily to herself.

"Last Monday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I—— No, I can't tell you this. It's too awful."

"Is it very bad?" said Miss Middleton wistfully.

"Very. I don't think you——Oh, well, if you must have it, here it is. Last Monday I suddenly found myself reading carefully and with every sign of interest a little pamphlet on—*Life Insurance*!"

Miss Middleton looked at me quickly, smiled suddenly and then became very grave.

"I appeared," I went on impressively, "to be thinking of insuring my life."

"Have you done it?"

"No, certainly not. I drew back in time. But it was a warning—it was the writing on the wall."

"Tell me some more," said Miss Middleton, after she had allowed this to sink in.

"Well, that was Monday afternoon. I told myself that in the afternoon one wasn't quite responsible, that sometimes one was only half awake. But on Tuesday morning I was horrified to discover myself—before breakfast—doing dumb-bells!"

"The smelling-salts—quick!" said Miss Middleton, as she closed her eyes.

"Doing dumb-bells. Ten lunges to the east, ten lunges to the west, ten lunges——"

"Were you reducing your figure?"

"I don't know what I was doing. But there I found myself, on the cold oil-cloth, lunging away—lunging and lunging and——" I stopped and gazed into the fire again.

"Is that all you have to tell me?" said Miss Middleton.

"That's the worst. But there have been other little symptoms—little warning notes which all mean the same thing. Yesterday I went into the bank to get some money. As I began to fill in the cheque, Conscience whispered to me, 'That's the third five pounds you've had out this week.'"

"Well, of all the impertinence—— What did you do?"

"Made it ten pounds, of course. But there you are; you see what's happening. This morning I answered a letter by return of post. And did you notice what occurred only just now at tea?"

"Of course I did," said Miss Middleton indignantly. "You ate all the muffins."

"No, I don't mean that at all. What I mean is that I only had three lumps of sugar in each cup. I actually stopped you when you were putting the fourth lump in. Oh, yes," I said bitterly, "I am getting on."

Miss Middleton poked the fire vigorously.

"About the lunges," she said.

"Ten to the east, ten to the west, ten to the nor'-nor'-east, ten to——"

"Yes. Well, I should have thought that that was just the thing to keep you young."

"It is. That's the tragedy of it. I used to be young; now I keep young. And I used to say, 'I'll insure my life some day'; but now I think about doing it to-day. When once you stop saying 'some day' you're getting old, you know."

"Some day," said Miss Middleton, "you must tell me all about the Crimea. Not now," she went on quickly, "because you're going to do something very silly in a moment, if I can think of it—something to convince yourself that you are still quite young."

"Yes, do let me. I really think it would do me good."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Can I break anything?" I asked, looking round the room.

"I really don't think you must. Mother's very silly about things like that. I'm so sorry; Father and I would love it, of course."

"Can I go into the kitchen and frighten the cook?"

Miss Middleton sighed mournfully.

"Isn't it a shame," she said, "that mothers object to all the really nice things?"

"Mrs. Middleton is a little difficult to please. I shall give up trying directly. What about blacking my face and calling on the Vicar for a subscription?"

"I should laugh in church on Sunday thinking of it. I always do."

I lit another cigarette and smoked it thoughtfully.

"I have a brilliant idea," I said at last.

"Something really silly?"

"Something preposterously foolish. It seems to me just now the most idiotic thing I could possibly do."

"Tell me!" beseeched Miss Middleton, clasping her hands.

"I shall," I said, gurgling with laughter, "insure my life." A. A. M.

## POST MARKS.

[The following communications, possibly intended for *The Daily Mail*, have been delivered to us owing to the notoriously misdirected energies of the Post Office.]

SIR,—I had occasion recently to dispatch as Christmas presents half-a-gross of Stradivarius violins. It is due to the criminal economy which has induced the authorities to abandon the use of baskets for the conveyance of parcels that seventy-one out of the seventy-two instruments reached their destination in fragments. The recipient of the remaining one has written to say that he has received the battledore but that there were no shuttlescks.

W. P. B.

SIR,—I sent off a hat-box, which measured eighteen inches in depth. The box, which contained two hats, measured only three inches in depth when it arrived. It is, however, only fair to add that whereas it was but two feet wide when sent, the width each

way on arrival had been increased to four-foot-six, and my customer has been able to use the hats as opera cloaks."

CAROLINE TESTIT.

SIR,—Publicity in your columns may be the means of solving a mystery which is doubtless due to a confusion of names and addresses. The other day I sent to a London colourman for a canvas and a large number of tubes of oil paint. Yesterday I received from the firm in question a battered parcel, the contents of which, on being opened, proved to be a masterpiece by one of the Post-Impressionists.

V. BROWN-PINKER.

SIR,—I wrote to my leading library for a book on Chinese Porcelain, and I received by return of post a copy of "Broken Earthenware."

REGINALD BUNTHORNE.

SIR,—I lately purchased in different parts of Italy a number of pieces of antique jewellery, and had them sent home by post. Imagine my pleasure on arrival at finding that the postal authorities, supposing the pieces to be broken and that the breakages were their work, had put them together and delivered what is unquestionably the original of the so-called tiara of Saitapharnes.

B. CHELENY.

SIR,—I acquired recently a superb painting of a sunset. On obtaining delivery of it by post I have been compelled to re-christen it "Daybreak."

PIERPONT ROCKEFELLER.

SIR,—I have been accustomed for some years to receive a copy of *The Times* each morning by post. Latterly the parcel has arrived in a condition so ragged and dishevelled that my friends accuse me of subscribing to the half-penny gutter press.

CADBURY DONALD.

### LONDON'S LATEST LUXURY.

["We are informed by the manager of Wellington House, Ltd., that the Government have purchased Wellington House Hotel, Buckingham Gate, for use as offices by the Insurance Commissioners.

"The building is an extensive one, containing some two hundred rooms, and has been used up to the present as a family residential hotel."—*Observer*.]

#### WELLINGTON HOUSE HOTEL

Will shortly be re-opened under entirely new management as soon as the

NECESSARY RADICAL ALTERATIONS have been made.

This magnificent Hotel will be adapted to the requirements

OF INVALIDS AND SICK PERSONS.



Arthur Norris

*Tailed-off San twick-man (who, in the fog, has lost touch with the main body). "SEEN ANY-  
FING LIKE ME GOIN' DAHN 'ERE, COPPER!"*

Its patrons will derive *benefits* such as are given by no other hotel in England.

#### MODERATE CHARGES!

(Subject to amendments.)

#### FREE DOCTRS!!

(Perhaps.)

#### FREE MEDICINE!!!

#### LIBERAL TABLE.

(Special Terms for Servants if required.)

NOTE.—A novel feature is the GREAT CONSERVATORY with its RARE AND REFRESHING FRUITS!

THE HOTEL has been fully licensed by His Majesty's Government, and the Proprietor, Mr. D. L. GEORGE, is renowned for his Excellent Spirits.

The Wellington House Hotel will be conducted on the best German lines.

'Bus meets all Trains.

Proprietor meets all Objections.

OPENING DAY, JULY 15TH.

All communications should be directed to

ROBT. MORANT,  
General Manager.

[For Sanatoria in connection with the above Hotel, see separate advertisements.]

Mr. CHERRY KEARTON, interviewed by *The Evening Standard*, says:—

"The tiger came towards me bellowing and grunting, and when he got opposite the screen he gave one of those fearful coughs which only the man who has been close to such a beast can appreciate. It was eleven feet long."

This is the longest cough known.



### HOPWOOD THE HANDYMAN.

It is understood that the engagement of Sir FRANCIS Hopwood as Business Manager to the Admiralty is only temporary. By the end of March he hopes to have established the buying and selling department on so unassailable a foundation as to enable him to take up the following series of appointments elsewhere.

On April 1st Sir FRANCIS has, at the urgent solicitation of the Purple Emperor of the Press, Mr. J. L. GARVIN, kindly consented to undertake the office of Colonial Editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, at a salary of £4,000 a month. The letter in which Mr. GARVIN conveyed the offer is, we are informed by one who was privileged to see it, the most superb exercise in honorific poluphloisboisterosity to be encountered in all the annals of journalistic eulogy. "You are," wrote Mr. GARVIN, "no fossilised bureaucrat, no paleontological survivor of prehistoric Bumbledom in excelsis, but, on the contrary, an inveterate foe to the asphyxiating influences of red-tape routine. I am confident therefore that your accession to the staff of the Great Organ over which it is my privilege to preside will be fraught with results which will reverberate into the remotest recesses of the cosmic system."

Here again, however, it will be impossible for Sir FRANCIS Hopwood to stay longer than four weeks and a day. At midnight on Tuesday the 30th of April, he passes into the service of the Automobile Club, the Committee of that Sardanapalian institution having retained his services for two months as Majordomo and Grand Master of the Ceremonies, at a salary which we are positively afraid to mention. It will be the duty of Sir FRANCIS to introduce millionaire members of the club to one another, or to countesses "who have not previously taken part in the conversation," and in general to promote the solidarity of the Club by knitting together the plutocratic and feudal elements in an indissoluble union.

When this end has been completely and satisfactorily achieved, as it is bound to be, Sir FRANCIS Hopwood will proceed, on the 1st of July, to take up his abode in Amen Court. The

Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, recognising that it is desirable to temper their high seriousness with a radiant serenity, have decided to invoke his assistance in the capacity of a Lay Gloom-Dispeller. Sir FRANCIS will not, of course, in any way invade the duties of the Dean and Canons. He will simply diffuse an atmosphere of optimistic urbanity and, to quote a writer in *The Daily News*, "fulfil the function of a spiritual Tapley."



"MRS. JONES, MY EGG IS BAD AGAIN THIS MORNING; I CAN'T POSSIBLY EAT IT!"

"HAVE YOU TRIED THE OTHER END, SIR?"

August naturally suggests a holiday, but Sir FRANCIS Hopwood cannot be spared altogether from the service of humanity. The Government has accordingly arranged to send him out in a warship to Constantinople, where he will be lent to the SULTAN for the purpose of mollifying the Chauvinistic aspirations of the Committee of Union and Progress, tranquillising the Albanians, and carrying out the irrigation of Mesopotamia.

Sir FRANCIS Hopwood's engagements for the remaining months of the year are not absolutely fixed yet, but it is generally believed that they will include a special mission to Dahomey to report on the commis-

sariat department of the Amazons; the amalgamation of *The Daily Mail* and *The Daily News* under the editorship of Lord LONSDALE; the squaring of the circular of HOLMES; and finally an administrative demonstration of perpetual motion.

### PROOF POSITIVE.

IN connection with a statement in *The Standard* respecting the religious character of *The Miracle* at Olympia a gentleman at Lewisham writes:—"As regards the allegation that religion of any kind is held up to ridicule, I consider it nonsense. I saw King Manuel there, and also Mr. W. T. Stead. I watched their faces, and gratification and enjoyment were written upon them."

Here we have a new vehicle for the conveyance of truth, as the following specimens illustrate:—

"Nothing," writes a leading Hither Green resident, "could be more absurd than the accusation that our War Office is not at the highest point of practical efficiency, for did I not recently see both Sir JOSEPH LYONS and Mr. BERNARD SHAW on the pavement just outside it? Everything about both these notable, capable men spoke of satisfaction and confidence."

"I am surprised," writes a well-known Bermondsey man, "that there should be even a whisper that the playbills of our theatres are not written in good literary style, for I have seen both Mr. EDMUND GOSSE and the author of *The Rosary* reading them, and neither gave any indication of wounded sensibilities."

"The statement that there are any picture palaces left in which the piano-playing is indifferent," writes a lady at Gunnersbury, "is false. Yesterday I was present at the Brooklands Bioscope Bower of Bliss, and noticed among the audience Sir HENRY J. WOOD and Miss VESTA TILLEY. Both were obviously not in pain."

"Dr. Winnington-Ingram will visit several places of interest in Egypt and the Soudan, and will return to Cairo up the Nile."—*Morning Post*. Only a Bishop could do this. The ordinary Dean would have to go down the Nile.





Two Youth (explaining things in the West-End to country cousins). "ER—THEY 'RE REBUILDING THIS PLACE!"

#### FOUR MORE STARS;

OR, LONG JANE AT IT AGAIN.

LONG JANE, who is nothing if not alert and doctorcookish, has just alighted upon another bunch of those geniuses which no one else ever seems to find. To be precise, four, and each a perfect example of the Fictional Nut.

*A New Realistic Genius.*

THE EPIC OF A BUMPKIN.

6s. By MORDAUNT MIDDEN.

A record of personal experience which blends with amazing force the elemental frankness of the cowshed, the polished sincerity of CASANOVA and the almost savage candour of *The Police Gazette*. The effect upon Long Jane when perusing this masterpiece in manuscript was galvanic. What then must it be on less practised readers? [January 18.]

*A New Historical Novelist.*

THE POWER OF FASCINATION.

6s. By JOSEPH POND-SPIER.

A great romance of the most fascinating period in history—the rise of

Sir CHRISTOPHER HATTON, under Good QUEEN BESS, to the highest position and authority. A magnificent study of success—the triumph of Sir CHRISTOPHER's twinkling feet as he danced his way to wealth which enabled him to acquire the property now known as Hatton Garden. History has few such romantic stories, and Long Jane's newest young man has naturally done wonders with it, with due insistence upon passion—without which where are we? [January 20.]

*A New Territorial Novelist.*

HORATIO FFOLLIOTT.

6s. By EVELYN BENTWOOD.

An enthralling novel of Territorial and Boy-Scout life in Austria. The hero is a most extraordinary personality—a born leader—whose dislike of obeying orders and cruel individuality militate against his chances of success. It is impossible to convey in a few words the strength of this study, and no more therefore is said; but Long Jane just wishes to add that the complex nature of the Austrian Boy-Scout has never been so amazingly

dissected as by Evelyn Bentwood. And whether Evelyn is a man or a woman—ah! The reader must discover that for himself. Long Jane is (for once) mum. [January 25.]

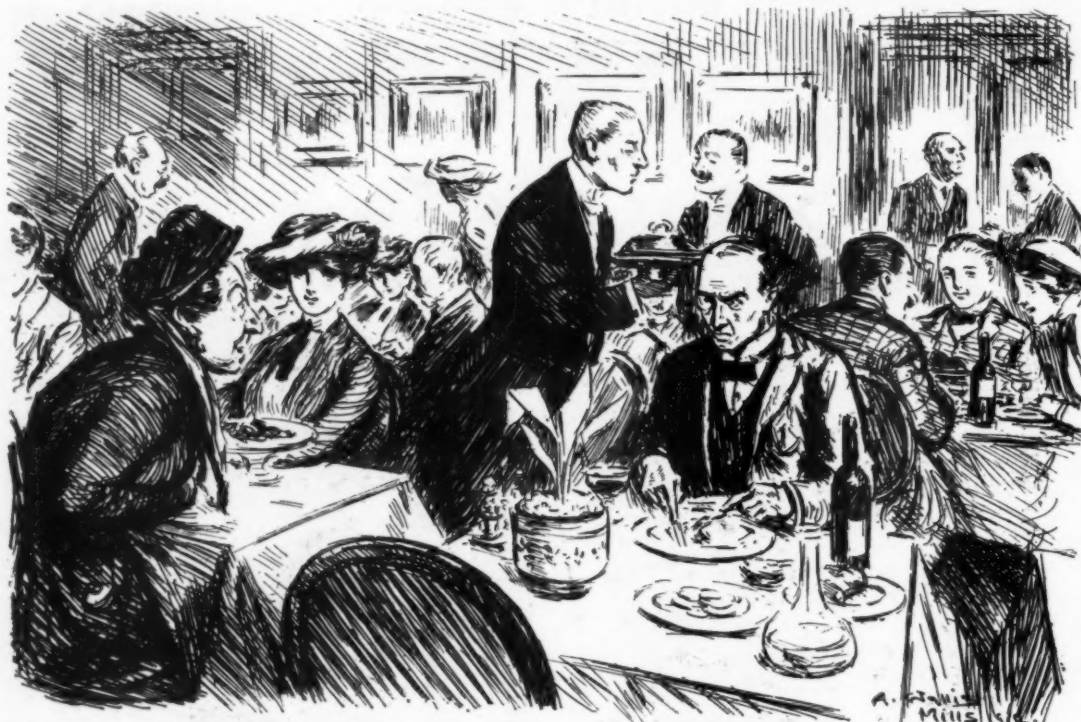
*A New Poet from Cayenne.*

DIONYSUS UNDERESSED.

3s. 6d. net. By LAURA LYRER.

It is not often that Long Jane goes to Cayenne for a poet, but the result, when such a course is taken, is terrific. In Miss Lyrer's book will be found verse which surpasses in passion (which is of course the only thing that anyone wants in verse) the kindred poetry of Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who cannot but be pleased with this free advertisement. Perhaps no writer of such poems to-day displays a more complete mastery of form, such glowing colours, and such meteoric flashes of the Orient. And perhaps not. It is left for readers of Miss Lyrer to decide. With every copy of the book a wet towel for the head is supplied. The whole stock is kept by Long Jane in cold storage until required.

[Ready February 14.]



Old Lady (to new arrival at Riviera Hotel). "AND ARE YOU HERE FOR TENNIS OR GOLF?"

Newcomer. "NEITHER—BRONCHITIS."

### "THE MAN IN THE STALLS."

(An Appreciation.)

THE row was front, the place was Pit,  
And in the centre seat of it  
It was my privilege to sit.

And, sitting there, I sat behind  
A Stallite of the larger kind,  
Who, having previously dined,

Arrived some twenty minutes late,  
For reasons which he did not wait  
A more convenient time to state.

He did not drop into his seat  
At once, but stood upon his feet  
And looked about for friends to greet.

And, when he settled down at last,  
I caught the judgment which he passed  
On every member of the cast,

And overheard his loud regret  
That time had not arrived, as yet,  
To go and smoke a cigarette.

When he could stand the strain no more,  
He made his preparations for  
Departing by an early door.

Then, daring much but much afraid,  
I tapped his restless shoulder-blade.  
This is the little speech I made:—

"To you, whom theatres clearly pall,  
The Pit is much obliged, O Stall,  
For bothering to come at all.

"There is about your splendid back,  
That now familiar stretch of black,  
A movement which the others lack.

"Your comings in, your goings out  
Were things to watch and think about,  
Which we could ill have done without.

"Your fluent talk, your frequent jest,  
Your inner thoughts, so well expressed,  
Have been of endless interest.

"We shall return to-morrow night;  
But, though to us it will be quite  
A dismal thing to miss the sight

"And sound of you, we shan't complain,  
So do not give yourself the pain  
Of worrying to come again.

"For, please, to-morrow, if we may,  
We'd like to see and hear the play."

### Discouraging Efficiency.

"A batch of Territorials were fined this afternoon at Greenwich Police-court for failing to attend camp and making themselves efficient."

*Evening News.*

As regards the second offence they might have been let off with a caution.

"In the Court of Cassation, a suitor, dissatisfied with the progress of his case, fired two shots from a revolver at M. Ditte. . . . The man who fired appears to be insane. He only fired blank cartridges."—*Reuter*.  
Idiot.

### THINGS OVERHEARD.

By Mr. Punch's Unscrupulous Reporter.

THAT Mr. CADBURY is joining the noble regiment of race-horse owners, and will race this year under his well-known colours—a star on a chocolate ground—with a two-year-old named George Fox.

That the Editor of *The Spectator* has presented the Editor of *The Daily Chronicle* with a priceless Tabby cat, in recognition of his advocacy of the Referendum on the question of Woman Suffrage.

That Lord LONSDALE has joined the staff of *The British Weekly*, and will collaborate with "Lorna," Mrs. ANNIE SWAN and Mrs. SARAH TOOLEY in a new column to be entitled, "Pacific Prattlings."

That the Nobel prize for Literature is to be awarded to Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL for his services in embellishing the diction of State Papers.

That Lord TANKERVILLE will shortly be appointed headmaster of Eton and transfer his famous herd of wild cattle from Chillingham to Windsor Park, with a view to instruct the decadent sons of the aristocracy in the art of bull-fighting.



### THE HELPERS' LEAGUE.

BRITISH LION (*to Russian Bear*). "I JOIN YOU, THOUGH UNDER PROTEST. AFTER ALL, WE UNDERTOOK TO ACT TOGETHER."

PERSIAN CAT (*diminuendo*). "IF I MAY QUOTE FROM THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN AGREEMENT OF 1907, THIS UNDERSTANDING 'CAN ONLY SERVE TO FURTHER AND PROMOTE PERSIAN INTERESTS, FOR HENCEFORTH PERSIA, AIDED AND ASSISTED BY THESE TWO POWERFUL NEIGHBOURING STATES, CAN EMPLOY ALL HER STRENGTH IN INTERNAL REFORMS.'"  
[Prepares to expire.]



The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the atom. It is shown that the structure of the atom is determined by the laws of quantum mechanics, and that the laws of quantum mechanics are in agreement with the experimental facts. The second part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the application of the theory of the structure of the atom to the study of the properties of matter. It is shown that the theory of the structure of the atom can be used to explain the properties of matter, and that the properties of matter can be used to test the theory of the structure of the atom.



Huntsman (to old Cottager, who has complained about losing poultry). "WELL, MISTRESS, WE'VE KILLED 'IM FOR YE."

Old Cottager. "IT'S MAYBE NOT THE ONE AS 'AD ALL MY BEAUTIFUL WHITE PULLETS."

Huntsman. "NOT A DOUBT ON IT! WHEN 'OUNDS BROKE 'IM UP, HE WAS JUST STUFFED FULL O' FEATHERS—ALL WHITE 'UNS."

### THE CRACKSMEN.

(A Moral Tale for our Young Folk.)

"I SAY, Pug," said Harold to Vivian, "how does a burglar open a safe?"

"Jemmy," said Vivian. "Why?"

"My aunt's just given me a money-box, and, like a silly ass, I put fourpence in, and now I want it."

"Why don't you open the box and take it, then?"

"Open it! Can't—it's one of that beast LLOYD GEORGE'S inventions, my boy. And I could just do with that fourpence, too."

"Ha, ha! can't open a money-box!" sneered Vivian, to which Harold replied with a bet involving half the contents.

In the tool-shed they worked hard for an hour and a half. Harold's mother's scissors proved an ineffectual jemmy; even the carving-knife only made dents in the thing, which the thing acknowledged by making dents in the carving-knife. The moment of highest hope was when Harold held the money-box down with the garden fork while Vivian tried to find an opening with the spade. But despair quickly returned.

"Better not try that any more," said Harold gloomily, removing the fork, "or we may spoil it."

"As you like," said Vivian, examining the spade, "but it seems a fairly strong one. How about the sardine-opener?"

The kitchen was invaded; but Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S alleged invention was mightier than tin-openers. It was also mightier than mangles and the weight of passing motor cars.

"Whatever are you doing?" asked Millicent, appearing suddenly from nowhere in a sisterly way.

"Just what we jolly well like, and what's it matter to you?" replied her brother Harold affectionately.

"Oh, what a shame to spoil Aunt Anne's lovely present like that!" said Millicent, her eye on the box.

"Lovely present!—it's the balmiest present I've ever had to put up with," Harold replied. Here Vivian plucked Harold's sleeve and whispered to him until Harold's face was suffused with geniality.

"Awfully generous present, I call it. She was telling me about it; and I think you're very lucky," Millicent continued.

Harold retained his new expression with difficulty, and said sweetly, "Yes, I was only joking; it's a decent present and all that, of course. But I want the fourpence I put in, and I can't get it out. I'll sell it to you for sixpence, Mill. Fourpence for the fourpence, and twopence for the box. A bargain; have it?"

"Rather a lot for the box, isn't it?" asked Millicent, looking sharply at Harold. "I—I'll give you fivepence for the lot," she said.

"Done!" said Harold.

"Done!" said Millicent, with a little smile, as she handed over the money. Nobody saw the *pas seul* she danced behind the laurels.

Aunt Anne met her in the hall. "I hope you haven't told Harold of the half-crown I put in his box. I want it to be a pleasant little surprise for him, dear."

"No, Auntie, I think it a lovely secret, and I wouldn't tell him for worlds," said Millicent.

"Wind between north and south, fresh in places."—*Glasgow Herald*.  
It sounds rather like the Curate's Egg.

### THE CHATTERBOX.

I took her ankles firmly in my hands and we started off down the road together. I was seated on my toboggan and she was seated on her toboggan ("luges" they call them out there) just behind me.

I had not known her for very long and yet already she had entrusted her life to my care. It seemed to me symbolical. Perhaps some day—? She was very beautiful and very wonderful and she had entrusted herself to me. The sky was a rich blue. The snow glistened and sparkled in the sunshine. The spirit of harmony was abroad. My soul thrilled with a longing for song. I could have filled five bathrooms with melody—but out there in the open—I kept silent. I had not known her very long.

Smoothly, swiftly, we glided forward. The keen air tingled against my cheek. Faster—faster—"What?" I asked, slowing up reluctantly.

"Do you like the Smythe-Robinsons?" she repeated.

"No," I replied.

Once again our pace quickened. This was better. In another minute we should be skimming gloriously over that frozen surface. Faster—faster we went—"What?" I shouted as I brought the luges to a standstill.

"Why do you keep stopping?" she asked.

"Because I can't hear you properly. The wind makes such a noise in my ears. What did you say?"

"Do you call that Smythe-Robinson girl pretty?"

"No," I replied.

We restarted. The road was steep, and in a few seconds we had got up our pace once more. Where is there a more exhilarating feeling than that of rushing through the air with this silent gliding motion? It is a feeling that grows and grows as the speed increases. "What?" I shouted, as I braked suddenly with my nail-shod soles.

"Lots of people do," she said.

"Do what?"

"Think that Smythe-Robinson girl pretty."

For half a mile the road dropped without a bend. I glanced down it and set my teeth. A whole hotel-full of Smythe-Robinsons should not spoil this next run. We gathered speed rapidly till it seemed almost as if we were skimming through the air itself.

"What?" I roared back—but without stopping. It was no good. I couldn't hear. I answered, "No" on chance. Eventually we slowed up at the corner. My conversation had consisted of "No" at intervals of five seconds. What hers had consisted of I have not the remotest idea. I had kept to the word "No" in the hope that she was still discussing the Smythe-Robinsons. She was beautiful and wonderful,—but lugeing is lugeing. Doubtless in time she would learn that I did not wish her to talk during the run. That was her one fault.

"Oh, do stop!" she pleaded. "Look! What are those people doing?"

I stopped. She picked up her luge and ran to where a little crowd of people stood by the roadside. As we arrived a man started to luge down across country. We watched him till



he reached the bottom of the field and turned a somersault. He was followed by several more men and one or two girls.

"Do take me down there," she pleaded.

"You wouldn't like it," I replied, "it's too bumpy. There's scarcely any depth of snow, and the ground is all nubby and frozen, and it will shake your teeth out."

"I'd love it!" she cried. "Do take me. Oh, I must go! I can't go alone—and you steer so well—and we'll go as fast as we can. Do!"

"No," I said, "it's too bumpy."

"You are horrid!" she pouted. Then her face lit up. "There's Captain Hilliard. He'll take me down. He's not afraid of bumps."

She was beautiful and wonderful, and I detest Hilliard. "I'll take you," I said.

"Fast? Really fast?"

"Rather! That's the one thing in its favour!"

Once again I took her ankles in my hand and we leaped forward down the steep incline. Fast? The pace was terrific—maddening—glorious! Afraid of bumps? Why, it was worth any number of bumps to rush down a hill at this speed. "What?" I bellowed back at the top of my voice. Ye gods—what a moment to choose for discussing Smythe-Robinsons!

"No!" I roared. On we dashed—faster and faster—leaping and bounding as the slope grew steeper—but always faster. "No!" I shouted to her at intervals. Talk! I have never known a woman talk as she did. It was one continual flow of chatter the whole way down. Had she no sense of the fitness of things? What did a whole universe of Smythe-Robinsons matter at such a moment?

At that frantic speed the bottom of the field was reached all too soon. At last we slowed and stopped. If only the field had been ten times as long!

I dropped her ankles and rose to my feet. "By Jove! wasn't that glorious?" I cried as I turned to pick up her luge.

Her woolly cap was over one ear. Her hair was half down. In her lap was an enormous mound of frozen snow. Behind us, up the hillside ran a dark line where the black and icy ground showed through the white snow.

I lifted her to her feet.

"Where on earth is your luge?" I asked.

The vacant expression faded from her face. "I lost it right at the top," she said, "at the very first bump. Why did you bring me down that frightful place?"

Perhaps, after all, it wasn't the Smythe-Robinsons she had been discussing all the way down. She was such a beautiful girl, too—and so wonderful. She is much too good for Hilliard.

"The value of a Boy Scout's training was shown a few days ago at Spalding, when Fred Pickworth was thrown out of a motor-cycle sidecar, in which he and another boy were riding. His training taught him to recognise at once that his collar-bone was broken, and, accompanied by his companion, he started to walk three miles to Spalding. Half-way they fell in with a brewer's dray, which took them to the town. Here young Pickworth walked into a doctor's surgery, told him what was the matter, and had the broken bone set."—*Daily Express*.

Doctor (wiping the moisture from his brow): Heavens! and I was just going to set his leg!





1914.

THE RETURN FROM BELFAST.

AFTER MISSONNER'S "1814" (AND A DRIVIL OF A TIME WID CAESON AND THE BOYS).

[Messrs. JOHN REDMOND, WILLIE REDMOND, FLAVIN, T. P. O'CONNOR, JEREMIAH M'VEAGH and SWIFT MACNEILL.]

## A WALK WITH THE DOGS.

SCENE—*The hall of a country house on a rainy day in January. Time—3 P.M. He in knickerbockers, shooting cape, thick boots, etc., is about to go out, when She appears descending the stairs humming an air.*

She. Halloa, where are you off to?

He. Going for a walk with a dog or two. I must get some fresh air. Simply can't stand it any longer indoors.

She. Gallant fellow! Well, I hope you'll enjoy yourself. Shall I come too?

He. You!

She. Oh! don't mind me. Say you don't want me, if that's what you mean. Say it right out at once, and don't beat about the bush. I can bear it. Come, say it.

He. Don't talk nonsense. I was only thinking it was very wet—

She. You've hit it. "Wet." That's the very word. What a brain!

He. And you'll take an hour to put your things on, and it'll be tea-time before we start.

She. No, it won't, because my boots are on, and I've only got to slip on this old waterproof (*slips it on*) and pin on this old hat (*pins it on*) and there I am. Come on.

He. Right. Let's get a few dogs. (*They go out.*) My eye, this is a drencher!

She. How many dogs are you going to take?

He. We must take the two Great Danes. Why don't you take Chang?

She. It's no weather for a Pekinese. Still, I'd better have him. (*Reopens front-door and calls. A black-faced streak of fur comes racing out and disappears round the corner.*)

He and She (*together*). Chang! Chang!! Chang!!! Chang!!!!

He. Let's go and leave him. He never follows, anyhow.

She. Leave my little Chang? Never. Chang! Chang!! Chang!!! (*Chang reappears unabashed and races down the drive.*)

He. Let him go. We're going that way.

She. Yes, and we shall have to go his way all the time. Trot along and get the big ones. (*He goes, and shortly returns with two Great Danes, who prance up to Her and caracole round Her.*) Down, Lufrä; down, Duke; keep your dirty paws—there, he's done it! I'm all over paw-marks. Down! Down! I wish you'd control your dogs, Charles. I'm a sight.

He. Who cares? We shan't meet anyone. It's only the dogs' fun.

She. Well, I don't like that sort of fun. (*They proceed.*)

He (*in a panic*). Where's Chang?

She. Chang! Chang!! Chang!!!

He. There's the little fiend a hundred yards ahead. Upon my word, you've trained that dog well. You've only got to call him and away he goes across country a thousand miles an hour.

She. There's a motor. Rush for Chang. (*He rushes; so does Chang. The two Danes think it's a game and prance after him. He pounces on Chang just as the motor-car flashes by within six inches of man and dogs.*)

He. Too near to be pleasant, and all on account of this inf—

She. Tut-tut. You mustn't give way to temper; and—(*laughing*)—oh, my dear Charles, if you could see your face. It's all over mud splashes. There's the dearest, jolliest little blob right on the tip of your nose, and there's a big brother-blob under your right eye, and there are three or four more on your cheeks, and— Look out; here's the Elmores' carriage. (*The carriage passes, while He, stuffing away his handkerchief, raises his hat and smiles a genial*

*smile of recognition.*) Oh, if you could only have seen how funny you looked with all that mud. I wonder what the Elmores thought.

He. Who cares what the Elmores think?

She. You're generally so particular about Maude Elmore, dear. Never mind; I'll write and explain it was only mud.

He. You're quite capable of it; but—

She. There's a retriever coming, and you've let Chang go. Chang! Chang!! He'll be eaten, I know. Chang!

[*Chang defies the retriever. The Great Danes are called in by Chang to arbitrate.*

*The Dogs (together).* Wurr—wurr—wurroo—wuff—worry—worry—wuff—wiff—wuff—worry—wug—wahrrr.

She. Beat them. Get them apart. Chang's got him by the hind-leg. Beat them, I tell you. (*The dogs are parted, and the retriever limps swiftly away.*) I can't stand any more of this. I'm going home.

He. So am I. [*They go home, calling on Chang to the last.*

## DRAWING-ROOM APARTMENTS.

(*To my Landlady.*)

I LIKE the blooms that decked your wedding cake,

Now sheltered under glass secure from harm;

I like the curtains, blue and crimson-lake;

The rubber-plant is not without its charm;

I recognise the worth as ornaments

Of song-birds nicely stuffed and dormice sleek;

The goldfish in his bowl my eye contents;

I count him cheap at two-pounds-ten a week.

I like "The Soul's Awakening" on the wall;

I catch the humour of the china pugs;

The chandelier offends me not at all,

Nor brackets made of plush nor fleecy rugs;

I merely raise my voice, a gentle one,

To hint that I from shelf and mantelpiece

Could spare perhaps the portraits of your son,

Your husband, sister, uncle, aunt, and niece.

For when, from out your not too easy chair,

I view these scions of a fruitful tree,

Who, all in Sunday raiment, smirk or glare,

A sense of vague discomfort troubles me;

Bidding me sigh, "O company unknown

Of men and maids and infants not a few,

Pity a lodger living all alone,

And lonelier still, not being one of you!"

"She had sent a cheque for five pounds to him. She put neither name nor address into the slip of paper that held the cheque, but of course he would guess where it came from."—*Home Chat.*

Watson, at any rate, would have been on it like a bird. "I perceive, my dear Holmes," he would have said, "that the cheque is signed."

"The Lady Mayoress (Lady Taylor) has presented Mr. W. G. Layton (Deputy-Town Clerk) with a gold watch, as a mark of esteem."—*Sydney Daily Telegraph.*

Workman: Got a match, guv'nor?

Mr. Layton (*producing it from his waistcoat pocket*): I cannot give it to you, for it is a presentation match, but you may look at it if you like.

"Mr. Curtis-Bennett said that no one could doubt that this was a bogus blub."—*The Empire.*

MR. CURTIS-BENNETT might think what he liked of the genuineness of the club in question, but after fining one official £221 and another £121 he had no right to question the sincerity of their tears.



## OUR VILLAGE DANCE.

*Local Nut (after the polka).* "SHALL WE PROMENADE, OR MAY I LEAD YOU TO YOUR SHAWL?"

## THE SOLACE OF THE CENSORED.

(By a Pantomime Author.)

I HAD striven for years to write plays:

"*Dum spiro*," my motto was, "*spero*;"

I had seen myself lifting the bays

From the glowering brows of PINERO;

The Managers read "with delight"

My work—or pretended to do so—

And at last one engaged me to write

The libretto for *Robinson Crusoe*.

With all innocent fun 'twas equipped

(Not a speech had so much as a "damn" in),

And they duly submitted my script

For the Censor of Plays to examine;

When I learned, after several days,

That my views on decorum and his met,

But he wished me to alter *one phrase*—

Then I folded my arms and said, "*Kismet*."

As a subject of GEORGIUS REX,

Imperator, Fidei Defensor,

I should deem it disloyal to vex

His servant, the Chamberlain's Censor;

I was moody and sad, but resigned;

Dejected, but not with contrition,

Till a brain-wave revealed to my mind—

To be censored compels recognition.

Then why should my spirits go down?

How oft, in the years when I lay low,

Had I yearned to illumine my crown

With the genius-martyr's own halo;

I could enter the Temple of Fame,

And REDFORD had shown me the doorway!

I was one with the Johnnies who claim

To be greater than HENRIK (of Norway)!

I have idolised BARKER and SHAW,

But no longer I think them above me;

Yes, I look not on GRANVILLE with awe;

I am certain that BERNARD would love me!

So of HOUSMAN's unorthodox play

I have thought with a jealous abhorrence,

But if I were to meet him to-day

I should lightly address him as LAURENCE.

O REDFORD, dear excellent man!

Your pencil has changed my life's story,

For the bards who come under its ban

Reflect its caerulean glory!

Ungrateful and garrulous tribe

Who yelp at its chastening slashes!

Be sure, Sir, *one* disciplined scribe

Will mourn your retirement in ashes.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE always liked the characters of Mr. THOMAS COBB. They are all such thoroughly nice people, who not infrequently reside in West Kensington, and are seldom guilty of an act or an emotion such as would bring discredit upon even that neighbourhood. Enter *Bridget* (MILLS AND BOON) shows them worthily maintaining the traditions of their race. I must confess that for about half the book I thought that their very proper aversion from sensationalism was going to be carried to the extreme length of giving us no story at all. Then however *Carrissima*, who liked *Mark Driver*, came to call on *Bridget*, and found *Mark* kissing her. She pretended not to have noticed anything, and went home and was quite miserable about it, in a ladylike Kensingtonian way. Mishandled, the thing might have led to broken hearts and all sorts of bothers. But one of the strongest charms of Mr. COBB's personages is their practical common-sense, which in this instance enabled *Carrissima* to believe *Mark* when he said he hadn't really meant anything by it. *Bridget* meanwhile had engaged herself to a nice young man with pots of money, so there was no reason why the other couple should not pair off; and I am convinced, though we are not told so by the author, that they had numerous and costly presents, and spent their honeymoon on the Italian lakes. I'm afraid that, without intending to, I have told you the whole plot. But it really doesn't matter. You will read the book in order to meet a number of pleasant, not too clever, human beings; and if you like that kind of society you will enjoy it very much.

Mr. RALPH NEVILL'S *Floreat Etona* (MACMILLAN), conventionally bound in cloth of the colour proper to its subject, is more lively than most blue books, and, I may add, than most of the books about Eton on which it is founded. I even find it more entertaining than the one I wrote myself. He begins—like the rest of us whose immortal works have been collected by Mr. "LULU" HARCOURT—with HENRY VI. and WILLIAM OF WAYNFLETE (and WINCHESTER) and the Maidenhead migration, and the other heroes and heroic events of the early days. He sings—as we all have done—of the horrors of Long Chamber, of Pop and Tap, and Montem and Absence, and Furking and Shirking, and Sense and Nonsense; of KEATS and his birch, of PORSON and SHELLEY and J. K. S.; of the IRON DUKE and the Playing Fields, and many other themes that recall the warmed-up cabbage of the JUVENAL crib. But, besides the anecdotes of which it is chiefly composed, the book is rich in illustrations, many of them taken from rare

and valuable prints; and the stories, if mostly old, are agreeably put together. Amongst those which he publishes, as far as I know, for the first time, is one about the present Headmaster and the remarks which he addressed to the Sixth Form, soon after his appointment, to allay their fears as to the changes which he might introduce as the result of his advanced views on hygiene and the gospel of Jaeger underclothing. According to a variant, which I offer for what it is worth, what Canon LYTTTELTON actually told them was that he had no intention of making them wear Plasmon next their skin.

I suppose I must have an old-fashioned prejudice in favour of beginning a story before the principal lady gets married, and that in spite of such charming novels as Miss ANNE SEDGWICK'S *Valerie Upton*. At any rate, in the case of *The Doll* (STANLEY PAUL), which is the title of Miss VIOLET HUNT'S latest novel, I found myself getting less

and less interested in the plot as the book went on. Its name, I ought to say, has no connection with IBSEN'S use of the word, but refers to a real plaything, the dirty and tattered treasure of *Master Hawtayne*, son of *Ralph Hawtayne*, successful barrister, and his wife *Minnie*, a prominent suffragist and a talented actress, who has divorced one husband already. In some way or other, more clear to the authoress than to me, this toy is regarded as a poignant symbol of the strained relations between the *Hawtaynes*, which are further complicated by the fact that one of *Mrs. Hawtayne's* hangers-on

falls in love with *Isabel Agate*, her grown-up daughter by her first marriage. A large part of the book is devoted to the wife's contention that in case of divorce the woman, even if convicted of misconduct, should have custody of her children. *Mrs. Hawtayne* herself happened to be innocent, but that, as I understand her, does not affect the plea. It is perhaps a sign of merit in a novel that the reader should sympathise with the characters' emotions, and certainly neither husband nor wife can have been more wearied by their continual bickerings than I was. For the rest, I can only say that the theme of *The Doll* is well abreast of the times.

"He uttered a warning as to the national importance of the scientific conversation of forests."—*Pioneer*.

We have often heard of trees whispering, but supposed that it was only scandal they were talking.

"Dr. Schurig, of Munich, claims to have found a remedy for the fatigue of climbing stairs by means of a slipper with a sole two and a half inches thick, to be worn on one foot only."—*Daily Express*.

Far less fatiguing than ascending the stairs with both feet in one slipper.



MARGINAL NOTES ON HISTORY.  
WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR GIVES QUEEN MATILDA AN EQUESTRIAN POSE FOR A BAYEUX TAPESTRY.